

"During all these years I have been able to keep to the  
consecration of my boyish years."

—The General.

"Train your children for God."

"The measure of your love is the measure of your  
salvation."

—The General.

# WAR CRY



VOL. XI. No. 2.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, OCT. 13, 1894.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,  
[Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

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SEE PAGE 2.

# WELCOME, GENERAL!

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

The scene depicted on our frontispiece is no mere stretch of the imagination, but a just suggestion of the wholesome character of the welcome that is being and will be accorded the General during his stay in our glorious Dominion.

In delivering his great farewell address at a huge mass gathering of people in Queen's Hall, London, Monday, 10th ult., the General acknowledged the "clear sightedness of the Canadians," adding "they see what an important bearing the Salvation Army will have upon the welfare of the world." In confirmation of the General's remark, we quote from that important organ, the *Halifax Herald*, of September 24th:—

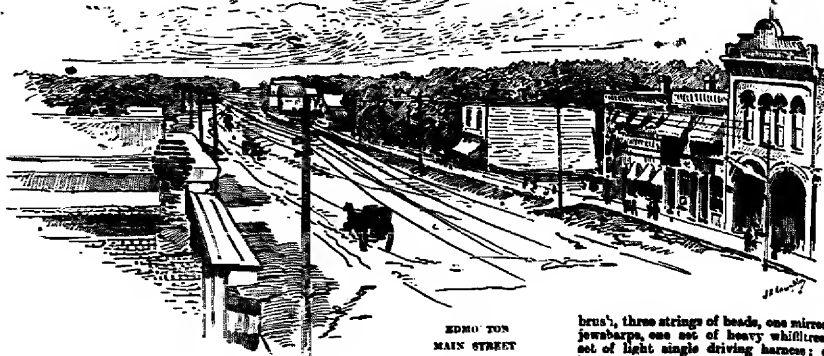
General Booth is one of the great men of this age—who knows the condition of the masses, and has clear cut ideas of practical methods to reach and help them—who, perhaps more than any other man of this century, has stamped his personality upon the religious and irreligious world. He has created what is regarded as the most perfect and complete organization of modern times, and encircled the globe with his societies. A man of great executive ability, he is a born ruler of men; and is virtually undisputed sovereign of a vast army of men and women, dwelling in every clime. But he rules only by love. He is a thinker who has thought out and has made extraordinary strides in solving the great question of how to reach and deal with the submerged and lapsed masses. The General is a man of commanding military bearing, with silver hair and whiskers, who notwithstanding a slight stoop in the shoulders and the burden of half a century of the most arduous and unremitting toil, still looks "every inch a soldier," and boasts of being still as young in spirit and as capable of hard work as the youngest of his soldiers. He is a powerful speaker. He throws himself body and soul into his speeches. He talks in italics straight to the people—not over their heads—to his audience individually, not collectively. His prayers are out of the common run. He doesn't shout at or preach to God or his audience; but he converses with God as his best friend and constant companion. General Booth is a man of power, and force, and magnetism. It was such a man that 4,000 or 5,000 people crowded Market Square on Saturday night to welcome to Canada.

Dr. A. H. McKAY, Superintendent of Education, in the course of his welcome address to the General, also said:

They had to welcome General Booth because he was doing essential work in so effective a way. (Applause.) Born and bred and developed in the centre of civilization, this empire of Englishmen, and under the shadow of the highest influences, he yet had moved the heart of the greatest empire of the world in such a way as perhaps no one in modern times had done. Therefore they could welcome him as a man of genius and a man who should be dear to the heart of every member of the empire, no matter to what race he might belong. (Hear, hear.) General Booth's words had stirred the world from centre to circumference, and had gone forth not only in the English tongue, but in all languages. And by what means had this been done? By the spirit of a brother or a brother to each one in the audience, no matter whether premier or working in a more humble position in the community. (Applause.) Finally, they could welcome him as an Englishman whom everyone could afford to love because of the love he bore to our common humanity. (Applause.)

And the Hon. W. S. FIELDING's remarks were no less hearty and appreciative. He said, amongst other things:

The present meeting was certainly unique and remarkable in its character. It was a grand meeting so far as its numbers were concerned, and grand in its representative capacity, for, knowing so well a very large portion of the community, he could assure General Booth that he had before him a representation of all classes of citizens of Halifax to bid him welcome. (Applause.) Most heartily did he (the premier), both for himself and in an official capacity, offer the General a hearty word of greeting. If from no other motive than curiosity, he would do well to come to the gatherings to look into the face of the man who occupied such a large part of the world's interest and admiration. Few men or women, be they kings, queens, presidents, or governors, had a right to a higher place than General Booth. (Applause.) When they thought that in a few years there was no such organization, and that in the life time of a man who was yet young, and who, they hoped, had many years of life be-

EDINBURGH  
MAIN STREET

Education.—"Capt. Green, I have called to ask you a few questions about your Harvest Festival meetings. The S.A. is never behind with their new schemes to attract the attention of the public. What is the object of this Festival?"

"I suppose some people would say it is only money we are after?"

"Oh, yes, yes, that is understood."

"As God has blessed us during the past year, we have put forth our efforts to have a thank-offering to Him for His goodness, thereby showing our gratitude to God by bringing gifts to be used as to help to save others who may not have been blessed as we have."

fore him for the presentation of the work in which he was engaged, this great force had been called into existence, and this vast work was going through the world, and when far, far, they remembered that under the divine guidance, it was all the outcome of this one big heart and brain, they realized that in the person of General Booth they had before them

ONE OF THE MASTER MINDS OF THE WORLD

We are quite safe in prophesying that these good words of welcome and encouragement are but typical of the kindness that will be extended to our revered leader wherever his form is seen in our fine and intelligent land. God bless him! Let us pray that his Canadian tour may be the most glorifying and man blessing campaign of all his fifty years warfare.

"Salvationist," Labrador — Indian Techie.—Truly I can say the Lord has been present with us ever since we left Twillingate. We have had a very nice time. We have not had to drop the record another since we left. We have seen quite a few soldiers, and have been the means in God's hands of encouraging them.

We were in Ship Harbor on Sunday, and there being only a few people there we went over to Occidental Harbor and held a meeting. Had a very nice time. Came home to our own little vessel, and for the first time we held a meeting on board. A nice crowd, a good time, and one soul saved, and if the wind had not sprung up from the north-east and blown so hard we would have had another one, but we must keep believing. It is wonderful! Inconceivable visiting. There is no such and all the craft in gone down the shore. All the boys are well saved and working away with all their hearts. I love them with all my heart. We have got her converted into a Training Garrison. Rules and regulations right through the week. We mean to do our very best for Jesus and try to bring poor sinners to His bleeding feet. I love this kind of work. Jesus is helping us in a wonderful way.

The Salvationist is about all that can be required for sailing in rough water. She went thirty-three miles in three hours, almost calm by the wind. Everyone is very much pleased with her. They all call her a beauty, and I believe they say the truth.—CAPTAIN.

Corvewell.—The Harvest Festival meetings here were full of blessing. A unique march created much interest on Saturday night. Flags, torches, and transparencies, men on horseback, junior's singing band in wagnettes, etc., etc., announced to everyone that something unusual was going on in the Salvation Army.

On Sunday afternoon one soul sought Christ, and at night another woman knelt at the penitential form and has since taken her place on the platform.—L. E. T.

"Was your effort a successful?"

"Yes, considering the financial depression throughout the country, I consider it was very good."

"How did you go about it?"

"Getting everybody to join us; asking the people in the open-air, meetings, and at their homes; giving our soldiers and friends cards to collect monies and gifts of all kinds—such as wheat, oats, barley, corn, p/g, hens, harness and vegetables."

"Did you get any of these things?"

"Yes."

"Name some of them."

"One logging chain, two bushels of potatoes, three dolls, one bottle of i. k., one shoe

brush, three strings of beads, one mirror, two jewellers, one set of heavy whittens, one set of light angle driving harness; others brought flur, chickens, flowers, and a black crow. All were sold after the banquet, Mrs. Breach acted as auctioneer. The banquet was all that could be desired. Mrs. E. and Mr. W. set the tables in a very nice and tasty way."

"How much was your target?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Did you reach it?"

"Yes, away above it. We realized SEVENTY DOLLARS."

"How is your work progressing?"

"Souls are being saved and converts made into soldiers. Meetings are well attended. The summer work is carried on by the Lieutenant. We have from forty to one hundred. Many of them will become soldiers."—A. T. ELIOTT 2nd.

## CURIOUS HAPPENINGS, FACTS AND FIGURES IN CONNECTION

WITH THE

## HARVEST FESTIVALS

THROUGHOUT THE

GREAT NORTH-WEST AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY MAJOR REAR.

True it is that very little was written up in the *Cry* by the Western Provincial Office about the Harvest Festival previous to its coming into effect. Lack of time was the cause. Notwithstanding this we have done fairly well. Before figures are quoted, let me give a few interesting facts relative to this Harvest scheme as carried out in the Western Province.

At New Westminster a most miscellaneous collection of things were donated. Among the said collection there was actually a TOAST-SPONGE.

At Victoria the band corps were dressed up in new boys' clothes, thus attracting great crowds and causing unusual interest.

Calgary citizens donated all kinds of articles from a live steer to a set of three small tumblers. Calgary's collection also included ducks and chickens.

Winnipeg helped splendidly. Canned meat and fruit was gladly donated. All kinds of clothing was made up for sale. We noticed a brand new newly painted wagon-seat on the platform. Ensign L. very and her side made things nice.

Sixty bushels of good wheat was donated at Rapid City. This turned in a good amount of cash. A big bunch of rich plums helped to decorate the barracks of a certain corps.

Six dollars worth of good yarn was donated to the Harvest Festival Scheme at Morden. This was a good stroke of business. We shall learn as we go on.

We are now in a very fair position to give *Cry* readers a rough estimate as to what has been done throughout the North-West and British Columbia. It is not perfect however. The places not marked with a star we are not certain about. The figures for these may be more or less.

Vancouver, \$480; Winnipeg, \$300; Vanover, \$200; N.W. Westminster, 167; Portage, \$100; Calgary, \$100; Prince Albert, \$90; Nanaimo, \$80; E. Inconnit, \$70; Selkirk \$55; Brandon, \$50; Neepawa, \$50; Moosejaw, \$46; Rapid City, \$40; Emerson, \$40; Morden, \$35; Oakberry, \$30; Port Arthur, \$25; Fort William, \$25; Mooseman, \$17; Vernon, \$7.—Total, \$1,967 or about \$2,000.

VICTORIA topped the list; WINNIPEG came next; VANCOUVER did well; NEW WESTMINSTER worked hard.

Prince Albert, Selkirk and Mooseman went over their target, and we shall be able to give more particulars later on.

By the help of God, we can do more next year. We gain experience as we go along.

Bridgewater, N. S.—Three souls out on Sunday night. Hallelujah dance. Believing for more to follow.—PEARL HARRIS.

Yarmouth, N. S.—Sunday was a real letter day, when four bookishmen were captured, and many more wounded. The soldiers are full of fire for God and soul.—CAPTAIN CURRY.

Bellefleur.—Ensign Wiseman and wife left the quarters for a twenty-three mile trip to a little town called Tweed. They were encouraged much by hearing that Lieut. Harris had gone over his target, also that the corps was looking up, plenty to eat, corns getting better, etc. Back again to Bellefleur; went out looking up converts and soldiers. Anticipating to be in DESKROTO on Monday, but were prevented by notice from Brigadier Scott that he and "Staff Captain Sharp would visit them. The undersigned was sent as a substitute. The crowd was disappointed, but had a good meeting. Two held up their heads for prayer.

Next morning, Ensign and myself sailed to Picton, and then by rail to Bloomington, where Capt. Yerex and Lieut. Glen are going to victory. A good march, followed by a good meeting. Sold some uniforms. Picton. Officers sick. Captain with a Job's comforter on his foot. Lieutenant weak after suffering intensely from fever. Rained heavily. Band in attendance. Good meeting. Two raised their hands for prayer. Home to Bellefleur. Buy about General's visit, the Naval Brigade, and the funeral of our comrade.—A. A. K.

## RECONCILIATION!

Brantford.—On the Square we had a new meeting. Captain announced a great congratulatory meeting. He said we have the hallelujah brick-maker, machinist, moulder, dealer from Newfoul island, hant and housemaids. All wondered what was coming off. Soldiers all on fire, popping up all over. Thursday, one soul out; he came through the war at Quebec some years ago. A Frenchman.

Saturday night, a rover. Inside every one felt free, especially the best of doctors; their feet got loose, so around the camp they take a march. How? Well, I guess they can. After the meeting was closed, and most of the soldiers gone home, one dear brother rolled into the fountain.

At knee-drill, Bro. Fisher said when he got saved the place would only hold fifty people, and the preacher had a parking lot for a pulpit, and all the salary that he got was a chunk of beef, or something else, laid down at his feet.

At night we marched out twenty-four strong; a big crowd in open-air. Dressed Charles sang. One brother spoke in French. After some stirring singing one sister volunteered.—J. B. BRALL, S. C.

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# THE GENERAL'S NEW WORLD TOUR.

## Stepping Ashore at Newfoundland.

### DEEP DISAPPOINTMENT CAUSED BY THE COMMANDANT'S ABSENCE.

#### His Gallant but Unavailing Efforts to be Present.

#### GREAT MID-NIGHT WELCOME, IN WHICH THE PREMIER AND SIR ROBERT THORBURN TAKES PART.

#### A Day of Splendor—Magnificent Meetings—Thousands Delighted with the Social Scheme—Presentation of Address, Signed by Leading Citizens.

## The General's BRITISH FAREWELL.

### "WORDS THAT BURN."



"GOOD BYE, DARLING."

only the small army of reporters sitting immediately below him were privileged to catch a word or two.

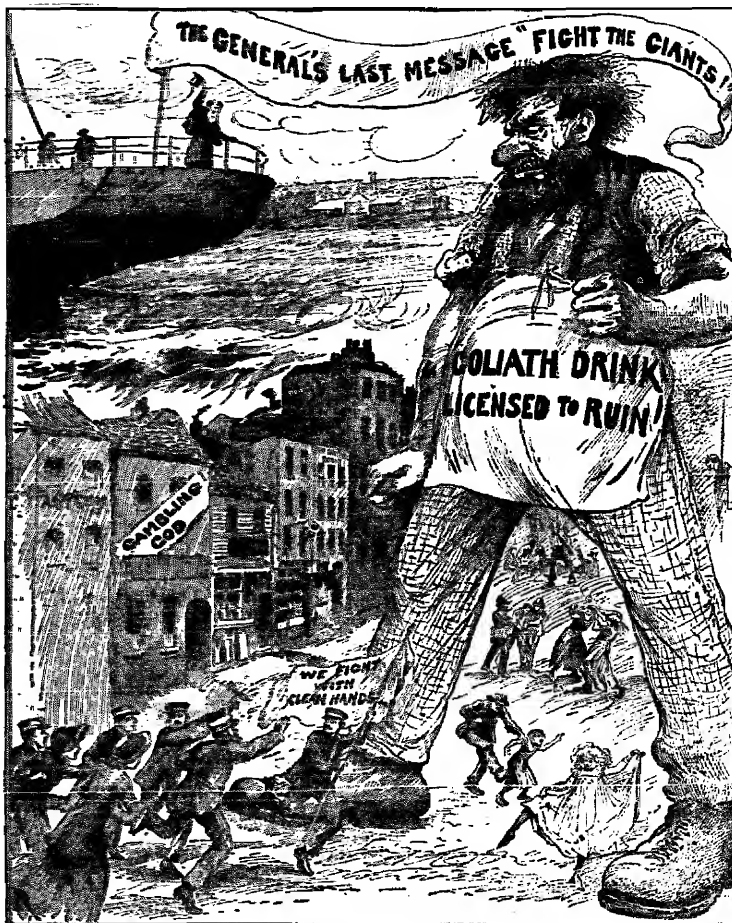
We have said the General was in good form. But that is not sufficiently expressive. He was serious. Serious, if ever, have his eyes, gesture, and fervour spoke as they did on Monday night. They revealed the profound regard he attached to the influence that meeting would have upon the entire Army. And his feeling was reciprocated. His remarks were followed, now with breathless silence and then punctuated with loud enthusiastic applause. The ground he traversed exhausted the desire of every one for information and inspiration; and although he had to devote considerable time to a sketch of his tour and the opportunities of the Army in the countries to be visited, we forgot all about these and other incidents in his grand rally to the war at the close. We were reminded of our own sacred trust from the Most High. It was a truly wonderful gathering, and when the General sank into his chair, and the Chief rose to ask for a formal pledge to follow along the path mapped out to us by the General, and Commissioner Mrs. D. McK. Tucker as by the General, and the General bent his head on his arm and rubbed the moisture from his eyes, it is no exaggeration to say that the densely-packed building was moved. A stifled, subdued, hallowed feeling covered the altar of our consecration, not a few adding tears to their own.

An Electric Moment.

The spirit in which the General has come to us may be judged from the following electric sentence, evidently the outcome of deep, personal, whole-hearted acceptance and digestion of the Truth, as it is in Jesus, combined with an uttermost intense passion to fight the battles of the Lord. He says:—

"And now, what shall I say to you, and through you to the soldiers of the Salvation Army throughout the world, as though it were my last word? What I say will go echoing and reverberating through the medium of our twenty-seven War Cry to the most distant parts of the earth, and I put it all into one word. I say to you all— you who are soldiers, you who are good soldiers, who love your God and who love your General, you who would like to be soldiers but who won't wear the uniform because you are so horribly proud—to you each and all I say,

Fight! Fight! Fight!



—English Cry.

"What is an Army for? What does it mean? It means fighting. The Salvation Army is a God-made organization. (Voyleys.) It was not made by any human plan. Nothing of the kind. God Almighty brought this organization into existence, and has made us an Army. When Jesus Christ departed into heaven, He told His disciples that they were to be witnesses for Him. They were witnesses for Him, and it was enough that they were witnesses for Him. And we to-day are His witnesses, and must prove the sincerity of our witness. You are an Army to witness—among your families and neighbors, in the workshop, or wherever you go. Get the power of God in your souls. Go and testify that God has power on earth to forgive sins, and that the Holy Ghost can come down upon you as a living flame and burn up the dross, and inspire you, and spur you on to victory. Go and fight! If you are right with God, you must fight.

An Example.

"Fight what? Ah! don't we all know? I have just been forcibly reminded of the time when the children of Israel and the Philistines were gathered together in battle-array in opposite ranks, and there came forward that stalking giant who defied the army of the Living God. The Philistines were their enemies, and you have your enemies. You know them quite well. There is that

Monster Giant—Drink,

who stalks about in every city and town and neighborhood and village. There he is, with all his ferocity and voracity, the author of vice, crime, seductions, robbery, rape, murder, suicide, and damnable sins of every kind. How the accursed monster lives and thrives! What is to be done? Fight him! Fight him! ("God help us!")



HALIFAX, from George's Island.

"There is the brother

Giant of Uncleanliness"

How he stalks about! The besetfulness has gone from his brow, and he comes forward with a manner of effrontery and impudence. To the sound of the sweetest music he deicides his victims in the broad glare of daylight as well as by night. Oh, what a monster! What is to be done? He is growing stronger and more daring and determined day by day. He creeps into the legislature and puts his spell almost upon the pulpit. What a ruler would he be of things! What is to be done with him? Fight him!

"I might refer to the giant of war and to his war dogs; to the gambling giant; to the giant of luxury and ease. Then there is

That Horrible Physical Giant—

he who sits in the congregation; who says, 'Am I not a member in the Church of the Elect?' 'Am I not a believer?' 'Have I not been baptized?' 'D-m-t I take the Holy Sacrament?' 'Am I not clothed in white raiment?' While all the while he is full of hypocrisy and deceit, mercilessly grinding the faces of the poor, and will not lift up a hand to exterminate the foul deeds to which I have referred. Oh, my God, what will you do with him! Fight him! Fight him! Fight them one and all with

Clean Hands

—you can't fight them without. Be clean. Have no baby giants in your soul, none of these evils in your own heart. Stand clear of them, with your own hearts washed in the blood of the Lamb. Fight them with more compassion, more compassion, more love. If you love the bodies and souls of men, you will fight for them. Love them with the love of Christ, and then you will do if you are a Christ-man and a Christ-woman. If not, you are none of His. You are only a painted sepulchre.

The Lie of Luxury.

"I was talking only four days ago with a lady, dressed in the height of fashion. She put her hand out and said to me, 'General, what can I do? I have got the forgiveness of sins; I have got a clean heart, and the experience of His keeping power. But can I get this compassion, this care for the people? I live a very comfortable life—I am very comfortable.' Well, I had to say, in reply, 'You must come out of your comfort.' And I say to you here, you cannot be Christ-men and Christ-women and be comfortable; the two things are contrary the one to the other. How can people be comfortable when they see those around them going to hell, and how can they believe in Jesus Christ if they do not believe in doing their utmost to save people from going to hell?

An Incentive to Compassion.

"Go and look at our Shelter at Blackfriars, and see perhaps a thousand men there, in poverty, and wretchedness, and rage. That will fill you with compassion. You will want to speak to them of Jesus Christ, because Jesus Christ is their only Deliverer. Go to Piccadilly; go to the public-houses; go to the houses of the harlot. Go and fight for them, with more pity, more courage, with more skill. We want more conversions, more ability. Where are your children? What are you training your children for? Are you training them to be disciples of Christ and saviours of mankind? I was saying to myself last night, and I leave it on record, that if I thought one of my sons or daughters was training any of my eighteen grandchildren for other than this, I would write the names of father and mother off the black board of my memory; I would disown them on earth, and disown them in heaven. Train your children for God. (Profound feeling.)



"FAMILIAR FACES ON THE PLATFORM"

"If I did not work for and desire these things, what am I doing in going to America? I can afford a cottage near the wood, and I would go and have a fishing-rod, and get a dog, and go and get something to eat, and give up my vocation. I would eat and drink, and for to-morrow I die. Oh, you backsliding Salvationists; you who have got some chains and tables, an eight-day clock, and a feather bed, come out from your lethargy; stir your armor on; talk to your neighbors; fight with more desperation! What a milk-and-water lot we are! Where is your fighting spirit? You are Laodiceans. You know you are! Let us go at it! We have no time to lose. Remember that brave telegraphist who stuck to his instrument while the flames enveloped him, warning those of a neighboring place of their danger. He fell a charred corpse, but the message was dispatched and the people escaped. That's the sort of fighting! (Voices) They will call you fools and madmen. What does that matter? Many a man has cursed me, and has wanted to fight me before his salvation, but the moment he got saved, he has wanted to kiss me. (Laughter.)

A Burning Charge.

"We are too polite. Go right into the battle and fight. Strive for the salvation of men's souls, even against their will. Go straight on. I will guarantee you against all the consequences that may happen. Fight, fight, with more faith, more determination. Fight for God, and fight for souls. Fight for poor perishing souls, not only to get them out of the public-houses and the brothels, but fight for them in the barracks, fight for them on your knees, fight for them at the penitential form. If I were dying here to-night, if I were on my last bed here on this platform, this would be my final command—Fight! With my last breath, with my last strength from the departing life in my bosom, I would give you this last word: Fight! Fight the enemies of God and man. Officers—Officers, Christian friends, to you all I say, fight, fight, fight for God and humanity, and when the battle is over, I will meet you in the skies!" (Prolonged voices.)

## EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.

Immediately after the pilot boat had left the "Carthaginian," the General, who had kindly had placed at his disposal the captain's cabin, set to work on literary matters, dealing especially with a paper of great importance to our literature. Before we retired to our berths he conducted a short but warm prayer meeting with the members of our party.

Next morning the General arose in good health and spirits, and during the day was to be seen seated in his deck chair also in correspondence and other matters. This was an excellent sign that he had recovered from the tremendous strain of the farewell meetings. The weather was bright and warm, and we did not lose sight of the Irish coast till towards evening. Everyone on board was not only most kindly disposed towards us, but many listened eagerly to the General's explanations of his social and spiritual work. A Belfast gentleman in particular was most friendly, and handed to the War Cry man a donation in aid of the general fund of the Army. On Sunday morning, in the dining-saloon, the General conducted, by the request of Captain France, a service, which was attended by most of the first-class passengers, some of the officers of the ship, and others. By an earnest, practical address a deep impression was made upon the minds of the little congregation; some expressed themselves as having received a distinct blessing. The weather, in the early part of the day, had been delightful, but about 2.30

A Sudden Gale

struck the ship, and for three or four hours blinding spray, roaring wind and dashing waves, did their best to prevent the progress of the "Carthaginian." No less than four sails were shattered, but beyond this no damage was received, the vessel and the crew behaving in a most praiseworthy fashion.

Our vessel made good time, and we reached St. John's, Newfoundland, near midnight.

We had no sooner been moored to the pier when than a stalwart Salvationist figure ran up the plank the moment it was fixed. The Commandant, of course! No—to our dismay. But there was no mistaking the loving heartiness with which Newfoundland's P.O. grasped the hands of the General, upon whose face he had not looked for many a long year, or the glee with which his staff hailed the sight.

And here was the Premier, A. F. Goodridge, Esq., and here an ex-Premier—and a true friend—Sir Robert Thorburn; and there alongside the zinc-roofed Customs House a large plank platform, and below an enthusiastic, excited, ever-increasing crowd of people, and cheering, and pointing, and pointing. But all this will be Dutch to the reader without some little explanation, even at the risk of again leaving our party in mid-night mist. First, and most anxious of all, the steamer by which the Commandant had arranged to come from Halifax to St. John's, was

through an unfortunate chain of circumstances, missed. This was a trifle, though an aggravating one, to

The Dominion's Resourceful Chief,

who at once made for another vessel. This one managed to break down at the last moment, and had to be docked. Therefore, no Commandant. The latter's appointment could not have exceeded the General's, and locally, who could have witnessed the record beating run of the "Carthaginian." Notwithstanding, the what we gazed with bating, and

A Great Bomb of Loving Welcomes

ready to be discharged. But when evening lived and fell without bringing any sign of the eagerly expected ship, it was concluded that to-morrow was doomed to disappointment. When, therefore, towards Tuesday mid-night the "Carthaginian's" entrance into the bay was signalled, it went things flying. In double quick time a band got out and marched away. This awoke numbers of sleeping inhabitants to the state of the case, and though at our coming into view it is said that only fifty people were on the wharf, by the time the General set foot on "The Cow's Floor," (so quote Staff Captain McLean's march and Italianism) the largest crowd assembled that the landing stage has ever accommodated, many completing the process of robbing between their houses and that spot.

Almost home to the pierhead, the General halted in head in defiance of the rain. As soon as the ship permitted he raised his voice to public pitch for the first time in Newfoundland. His words were few and distinctive, an apology for calling them out

"At This Unseasonly Hour,"

and in such unpleasant weather; a "thank you" for the hearty welcome accorded him; an assurance that he had come to try to do benefit and bless them, and a good night (or good morning) "God bless you." Then he was driven away, with Colonel Lawley, to the residence of Sir Robert Thorburn, whose guest he remained while in St. John's, and where he received from Lady Thorburn and her daughter a continuation of the courteous kindness with which Sir Robert greeted him on his arrival. Lady Thorburn is well known and appreciated in the Capital. She is not only the President of an important branch of the Women's Temperance Union, but takes a deep practical interest in the Army's Rescue Work. Get acquainted her in her holy enterprise.

Morning, aided by a brilliant sun, showed off to advantage one of the best harbors lavied by the Atlantic, as your correspondent, who slept on board, had a chance of noting. At its narrowest part it is only half a mile across, but the ample enclosure within is both deep and even. Lying in mid stream were the *Scotian* and *Glad Tidings*, two pretty little craft belonging to Canada's Salvation Navy. From bow to stern they displayed strings of Army colors. Between

Twenty and Thirty Officers

had been brought by these trim boats from various parts on the Island to take part in the meetings and demonstrations.

Looking towards the town it is soon apparent that the ground on which it is built is of the mountain and valley type. Its appearance at first, from the large number of wood-built dwellings, is almost Continental. For an information, the great, devastating conflagration of ten years ago was recalled, the place where it started pointed out, and its effects—well, they were everywhere visible. Even yet many dismantled abodes remain, while few buildings are still being completed. The last time though one of our barracks lay in the line of the front that swept away half of the town, was almost entirely destroyed. The Cathedral, further off, was destroyed, and of peculiar interest to Salvationists. With a few exceptions the place is very English—the shops very commonplace. One difference of personal interest to your "special" is the style of the vehicles in fashion. In one of them—termed a rig, a kind of a four-wheeled conveyance—ventured his person, reassured by the thought that Colonel Lawley had already done so with no ill result. Up hill and down he sped, driven by a genial Salvationist. Corners were "cut" and precipices "descended" but all went well. Then a "turn" was demanded; but the space was limited, and the side of the road steep. The consequence still was too much for the rig and its occupants.

Over the Three West,

the Car man grasping his camera and sustaining the weight of the driver. If—but mercifully the eyes were quiet as she proved sure-footed, and a couple of wheelbarrows alone remained to tell the tale. To a Newfoundland mind this style of accompanying over ground is perfectly natural, but your English fare (if he has never on another such). The explanation of the fact that I understood, I understood, the necessity of such many wooden re-creations, the fact that proper building stone is a scarce article, while bricks are not manufactured, and both have to be imported from "abroad."

A fire of another description morning till late at night. General spent here—a glowing we have reason to believe that he kindled their zeal. Into a large Temperance Hall, over a Islanders—assembled at ten o'clock. Very few of them, with the aid of our "old" friend Adjutant charge of the Southern District, under whose leadership thrill which his entrance caused. These dear officers are still like the majority of their countrymen.

The General's First

had mettle in it which they their lacklown, and carried their spirit of emulation. Into Colonel dropped with the delight of duty and song may be said to have ready a host of souls into the hands of the Army's standing in the. Major Morris has under his looked up in it, not only by eight years' Canadian experience twenty officers. Two of the three also two Training Homes and the representative vitality of the twenty officers just being sent to Mr. Morris especially looks Resene House which is, also, all of the place. Eight girls are during his short career it has been uplifting.

There is also the Naval force Major has developed into a true to say that he is still the strong, one, when he was appointed first in a Colliery District of England, and an officer remarkable and street Salvation talk. "This but it won't do for London," pro

"I Must be home." He went to Chalmers and God failed not to abandon from our twenty-four hours' at still wholly and solely a Blood family was following in his steps. "Harry" is now the Cashier at the bank with the rank of Esquire, Sir John at Kingston.

From one to three o'clock, 8 p.m. The officers, local corps, among all parts of the territory, giving them representative in color of mind and soul. Having been the name was taken to the Park, on one, which increased to the stepping point. Some children and fired curiosity. The several ecclesiastical structures the mortar for a moment, and from of towns and steeples, or the pointed out to each other the names were all familiar.

The Bay, as a back ground, was white snow, though lacking of any which crowned the cliff top and is so characteristic of the scene.

Two Thousand and

folded into the great wooden ship restaurants and employees of have offered \$100 if we could secure of the establishments they represent was imperative, many business shutters. Admission was by the quarterly. All grades and masses of in force, and I judge all more religious organizations. It was the first public meeting of the General marvellously equal to it.

Through the loop holes of the opulent as pride and shamefacedness our uniform, I am not sure would be willing to walk about it with the golden crown you hope to wear; but if you think you can do without the cross, it is a shame would have to go all the heaven without a cap or bonnet or hold-headed business.

Colonel Lawley having introduced me in a catching new song, with

"My dear son as high as a tree  
We washed them every day in  
For put my name down  
Bless His name and I"

**HALIFAX** from the Citadel.

Himself to John the Baptist, when he spoke of him as more than a prophet, Sir Robert said he would not draw the parallel any further than to say that he thought the Master singularly approved of General Booth's work. Perhaps no man to-day was more widely known and loved than he was, while the memory of his sainted wife was equally cherished.

"But," said Sir Robert, "you came here to listen to your Grand Old Man."

the General," and proceeded to read the following address:—

"DEAR GENERAL.—On behalf of the undaunted citizens and representatives of our religious and social bodies, I beg to extend to you a most cordial welcome on this your first visit to our Colony of Newfoundland. May your visit be pleasant and profitable alike to the Army, yourself, and all concerned."

"We are aware of the valuable services you have rendered to the cause of Christ and fallen humanity. We appreciate you and your co-workers' efforts most heartily. Your Darkest England Social Scheme especially has made its mark on the history of our times, and we wish you every success in the undertaking. We rejoice in the good work already accomplished by your officers and soldiers in our midst, and are glad to recognize the good hand of God in the mighty onward march of the Salvation Army throughout the world. When we consider this year as the fiftieth anniversary of your conversion, the progress of the Army is still more remarkable. May the future, by God's blessing, be even more glorious."

Wishing you every success in your mighty work, and trusting that you may long be spared to lead forward your band of noble and self-sacrificing workers,

We remain, your sincerely,

(Here follow some fifty signatures, including those of the gentlemen we have already mentioned as being on the platform.)

The address is nicely illuminated and suitably covered. After a greeting of great warmth,

The General said:

"I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for this very kindly, I might call it, affectionate, reception you have accorded to me this evening. From the hour that I stepped off the steamer, somewhere about midnight, and received the warm greetings of the crowd who were on the wharf, until this moment, I have met with nothing but kindness at the hands of my friends of St. John's."

"I receive every kind expression which you, Mr. Chairman, have given voice to, and you, Sir Robert, have endorsed, and which is also contained in this address as being due to the principles which I have, in the providence of God, been able to maintain and advocate, and largely to the devotion and self-sacrifice of the comrades who

have gathered round me and assisted me in working those principles out for the benefit of mankind."

"Such words as this is to-night and the kind words from you, Mr. Chairman, and from the citizens of this city, serve to cheer me onward, and the recollection of them will follow me while on earth, and when I have passed away to another world, be assured I shall not forget them there." (Applause)

I will not attempt even to outline the two hours of eloquent, glowing explanation and appeal which followed; justice would not be done. The threshold reasoning on which the General based the necessity of such a scheme was impregnable.

#### Humanity, Religion, and Self-Interest

called imperatively for it. Unless something was done, the multitudes who were rolling in starvation, misery, and crime would fulfill the prophecy of one of the greatest politicians of Europe, "The Terror," but said the end of the nineteenth century was going to be "The Horror." The unrelieved condition of these masses would not only make them revolutionists, but madmen. "And then," said the General, with warning eloquence, "let the nations look out." You might as well have reasoned with the fire that almost swept your city out of existence.

Apt figures, affecting reclamation incidents, and keen argument characterized the whole speech, which concluded with a fervent appeal to "Let us pray."

At six o'clock in the morning we again lifted anchor and steamed westward, having the bay-stretched out to sight for fully sixty miles. Keeping up record speed, by two o'clock Saturday morning, we lay just outside Halifax Bay, waiting for the medical officer to come and give us a clean bill of health. This, after much and much blowing of steam whistles, etc., perhaps like his had been trying to snatch an hour or two's rest, he came alongside and duly certified.

While Colonel Lawley, Staff-Captain Melan and myself were at the launch by which the doctor had been brought by a beautiful crescent moon and a whole cluster of glittering stars.

#### A Fine Rat

which ambitiously attempted to appropriate Colonel Lawley's cap. Let professors of Natural History note the discrimination displayed by the animal in totally ignoring the Captain's cap which lay alongside. Another discovery, and another sadder one, was a backslider from a South corps amongst the crew—a bright young fellow who was a soldier in the Old Country. We shall continue to pray that he will not upon Colonel Lawley's pleading, and return to the loving Saviour he has forsaken.

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#### A Shadowy Form

quietly mounted the steps from lower to the upper deck, seized the Colonel's hand, and in emotion-touched tones uttered the words "Well, Johnnie." No words this time. The Commandant had come.

He was soon in the General's cabin, at the door of which we left him for a long, loving father and son, and became the recipients of Brigadier Jacob's affectionate attentions, which were warmly seconded by "dear old Fred" (Major Fry), Ensign and Mrs. Hunter, and the local Field Officers. These, bag and baggage we left the ship which had carried us so well, and took Canada soil.

#### The Indefatigable Pluck

of their leader had helped to win for it elsewhere.

H. G. Barclay, Esq., C.E., seconded the resolution, remarking that they were under great obligation, both to General Booth and to their General above, for giving them the stimulus to go forth and with renewed vigor, carry out the Master's work of "doing good."

It is no exaggeration to say that this meeting was the theme of the hour. Some Methodist ministerial brethren

welled from South Africa. Wonderful meetings; immense crowds; Metropolitan Church crowded to overflowing; monster march, were "features" of the farewell.

Commissioner Estill, born 1859 in Yorkshire, Eng. Served at Whitby, 1877. Got properly saved in Salvation Army, and was a soldier seven months. Went as delegate from Whitby to Christian Mission Annual Conference. At this Conference he went through his "examination" before the General, as was customary, and was accepted for the work. During his sixteen years' officership, he has commanded most of the largest corps in Britain. Married in 1883 to Capt. M. A. Barber, by the General, in the very church where years before the General was as impressed by Campbell's preaching. He has had charge of the Irish work of the Eastern Division of England, and of the Bristol, previous to his appointment to South Africa.

Commissioner Higgins dedicated Ruse Cape Estill to God and the war at Commissioner Estill's farewell meetings.

We call the following from Commissioner Estill's farewell address at Capetown:—"The General was to visit Australia next year, and that to him haply a visit to Africa."

Commissioner Higgins, the General's representative at South Africa, who was appointed to preside at the farewell gatherings of Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, and at Commissioner and Mrs. Ross' induction there, has had a most enthusiastic reception from the Afrikaners.

Commissioner Higgins was first attracted to the Army through a War Cry seller. He came in the Army fourteen years ago, it having been revealed to him in prayer that he was to be a beggar. He has been the chief of the Financial Department of Great Britain since its inception, twelve years ago, till recently. The Department finds employment for between sixty and seventy persons.

In laying the foundation stone of the new Territorial Headquarters and Citadel at Cape Town, recently, Sir David Tennant, K.C.M.G., Speaker of the House of Assembly, highly eulogized the work of the Salvation Army.

The Over-Sea Colony is to be either in South Africa or Western Australia. —South Africa Org.

Buenos Ayres.—Major Clibborn has been holding his first Council of War

in South America. It was attended by nearly all the officers of the Territory. The public meetings were held in the hall and the Methodist Church, and was a distinct advance upon all preceding demonstrations of the same character in the country.

New York City.—BOMBARDMENT OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. FIVE PIONEERS.—Commander Ballington Booth has selected Adjutant-General Egan to set up the Army's standard on the Islands. Adjutant-General Egan has recently been doing service at the Training Camp, San Francisco, from which he and his wife set sail on September 1st, accompanied by two lance officers, Capt. Zimm and Lieut. Jeffers, of Eureka, California.

The Adjutant, an American, owes his conversion to the Salvation Army. He was stationed as cadet at Kansas City and Fort Scott. He afterwards took charge of St. Louis and Sedalia, Wichita (Kansas), and Independence, where he was promoted to Ensign and appointed A. D. C. to Major Kappel at St. Louis. From hence Adjutant Egan took charge of the Iowa district. He was next sent to take charge of the Training Garrison at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and later of the corps at Chicago XII. His last appointment was to the Men's Training School, Oakland, where he has recently had various victories through the blood of the Lamb. God bless this pioneer! May an abundance of salvation be poured out upon the Sandwich Islands through their loyalty! The new field is an immense one, and we anticipate that ideal work will follow its bombardment.

Melbourne, Australia.—WEST AUSTRALIA.—From one we learn that the West Australian authorities have granted our folks a fine site for a barracks. The land of which it consists encloses a quarry, from which our officers are always quarrying stone for the building which, by all accounts, they are determined to name for themselves.

**FASCINATING!**  
NEXT WEEK'S "CRY."



## The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, London.—During the last three months, we have been asked to take over five Rescue Homes.—From Mrs. Drummond Booth's address at the Women's Social Annual Thanksgiving, London.

That cosmopolitan soldier, Colonel Geo. A. Pollard, Secretary to the Chief of Staff, has been promoted to the rank of Commissioner, a most deserving promotion.

Commissioner Pollard is the Chief of the Staff's right-hand man. He was born in the thick of the Army's street-fighting days, has been all over the world, and is loved and trusted by his comrades far and near. The General's son was hailed with great enthusiasm when announced as the International Headquarters.

Commissioner Lucy Booth is to be married to Colonel Heilberg, who is said to be one of the finest, jolliest fellows a-going, while he is as hard as flint when it comes to standing up for the flag and the rights of any poor, discouraged soul.

Colonel McKie has been appointed Acting Commissioner for Germany.

The Chief of the Staff is making slow progress towards recovery.

Higginbotham and Mrs. Rothwell have been enthusiastically welcomed to Scotland. Magnificent introductory campaigns have been held in Glasgow.

The Jamestown C. P. party have recently left England for home. "Mary Jane" declared she (like our own Staff Captain Jones) will never forget the kindness of her English comrades.

Major Schoch has been engaged upon an important spiritual mission in Denmark.

The date of the Finnish Congress is fixed, and Colonel Swinton will probably be present.

Major Toft will be transferred to Denmark to succeed Major Povlsen, our Chief Secretary, whose next appointment will be public property presently.

Major Thayer is reconnoitering Florence, Leghorn, Pisa, Bologna, Venice, and Milan.

The Moderator and President of the Waldensian Synod have spoken sympathetically of our work in Italy; and, best of all, the war keeps bounding forward.

A new Steam-post has been opened in Old Ford, London, Eng. The building is well adapted for the work. It was formerly used as a political club and a secularists' lecture hall.

Commissioner Howard, our British Commander-in-Chief, has introduced Major and Mrs. Howe to Liverpool Province, with great success.

Cape Town, South Africa.—Commissioner and Mrs. Estill have fare-

ELECTRIC DE  
WIRE JUST T

The Latest A  
Genera

FREDERICTON,

Tour a triumphal prog-  
ress to Fredericton. Ges-  
health and spirits. Ni-  
spiritual Social ad-  
Premiers, Mayors, M-  
enthusiastically welcome  
week-end meetings mag-  
lion demonstration in  
Saturday night; thousand-  
day, in risk, a veritable a-  
scent of the Saviour's feet.  
ing Officers' Councils; i-  
meeting at night; audience  
Five hundred dollars. P-  
Fredericton, last night; C-  
Lieutenant-Governor pro-  
log that he had had prejud-  
sweep them away. LO-

WAR  
TORONTO, OCTOBER

THE GENERAL  
PAIGN

Hallelujah! The camp  
conducted by the Gener-  
triumph. Waves of bl-  
thousand sweep over the  
work of real eternal val-  
completed. God bless  
multiply his successes.  
not relax your fervent  
the Great Father's Th-  
your faith till our mount-  
topple over and are bur-  
of God's love.

COMMISSIONER  
BOOTH

We congratulate the  
missioner and Colonel  
heartily on their appro-  
and pray that it may  
owned and blessed of G-

Says the British Org. 2:  
the coming marriage of  
sister is one of universal  
Army in general, and to in-  
Beth parties, considering  
long born prominent figures  
points of the Army's battle  
union will excite the liveli-  
whishes for their future hap-  
ness in the War. Commis-  
over the practical comman-  
time when it was bristling  
on the one hand and diffi-  
she has acquitted herself  
and success. Colonel Heil-  
best in Sweden, if we may  
missioner Howard has been  
from his Captivity—ten ye-  
fought some of the toughest  
West Coast, enduring im-  
God's compromise his possi-  
right along to his Chief  
he has been a bulwark of  
Swedish War. Though not  
England as in Sweden, his  
great bulk of the Internati-  
throughout the world as a  
national, from whom great  
peaked. The union has, I  
elements in which appeal  
Salvationist and will evoke  
bation. We understand it  
takes place on the 16th, and  
thereafter the couple will pr-



## ELECTRIC DESPATCH. WIRE JUST TO HAND.

### The Latest About the General.

FREDERICTON, N.B., Oct. 3.

Tour a triumphal progress, New Glasgow to Fredericton. General in splendid health and spirits. Nineteen burning, spiritual Social addresses delivered. Premiers, Mayors, Ministers, people, enthusiastically welcome him. St. John week-end meetings magnificent. Marvellous demonstration in Market Square Saturday night; thousands present. Sunday, in risk, a veritable Pentecost; many souls at the Saviour's feet. Monday, inspiring Officers' Councils; Darkest England meeting at night; audience, three thousand. Five hundred dollars. Premier presided. Fredericton, last night; City Hall packed. Lieutenant-Governor proposed thanks, saying that he had had prejudices, but General swept them away.

LONGFELLOW.

## WAR CRY

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

### THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN.

Hallelujah! The campaign now being conducted by the General is one blessed triumph. Waves of blessing and enthusiasm sweep over the crowds, and work of real eternal value is being accomplished. God bless the General and multiply his successes. Comrades, do not relax your fervent intercession at the Great Father's Throne. Nourish your faith till our mountains of difficulty topple over and are buried in the ocean of God's love.

### COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH.

We congratulate the Indian Commissioner and Colonel Hellberg most heartily on their approaching union, and pray that it may be abundantly owned and blessed of God.

Says the British Cry: The announcement of the coming marriage of India's Commissioner is one of universal interest to the Army in general and to India in particular. Both parties, considering their years, have long been prominent figures in two important points of the Army's battle ground, and their union will excite the liveliest hopes and best wishes for their future happiness and usefulness in the War. Commissioner Bullen took over the practical command of India at a time when it was bristling with opportunity on the one hand and difficulty on the other. She has acquitted herself with great credit and success. Colonel Hellberg has virtually been in Sweden, he is known to the great bulk of the International Staff-officers throughout the world as a man, and as a Salvationist, from whom greater things are expected. The union has, therefore, all the elements in it which appeal strongly to the Salvationist and will evoke general congratulation. We understand the wedding will take place on the 16th, and that immediately thereafter the couple will proceed to India.



The Editor of the "War Cry" and His Bride.

### THE INCENDIARY.

We Salvationists have grown so accustomed to the marvellous in our work that events of supreme importance and of thrilling interest to the public generally are allowed to go unchronicled as if of no more than ordinary interest.

The conversion and confusion of the Newcastle incendiary is a case in point. It is probable that the War Cry and its readers would have known nothing of this affair had not the Captain, with a praiseworthy desire to help the Cry, in response to our private appeal for interesting incidents of the war, sent up the facts. See page 8.

### THE PRICE OF REPENTANCE.

We have a word to say respecting our comrade, McDonald. This man, according to the Newcastle Union Advocate, of Wednesday, August 29th, after giving himself up to the authorities, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary. This is the price he has had to pay for being loyal to God and true to the dictates of his conscience.

We thoroughly believe in law and order. We know that crime cannot, without ruin to the community, be allowed to go unpunished: but in this case the nobility of the motive which prompted our brother, McDonald, to confess his crimes appeals peculiarly to us as a reason for the exercise of that mercy which rejoices against judgment. Representations should at once be made to the proper authorities for an immediate release of the prisoner. Army comrades will doubtless remember McDonald in their intercessions.

### THEIR EXCELLENCIES.

It is with great pleasure we learn that Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, have honored our representative at Winnipeg by receiving so kindly his address of welcome. We sincerely appreciate this mark of approval of our Army work, and our people will toil for the public weal the more heartily for the gracious words of Canada's Governor-General.

### THANK YOU.

Mrs. Booth desires to send word to all those who have enquired so kindly after her baby boy, that he has taken a turn for the better, and is slowly improving. The many letters of sympathy she has received have cheered her heart very much during the hours of keen anxiety.

The St. John, N.B., Daily Telegraph, of September 19th, has a column of very interesting matter respecting the General and the Army.

### PROGRESSIVE CANADA.

After remarking on the many occasions upon which the Commandant has been accorded a public reception at cities in the Dominion by the municipal authorities, the English Cry says:—"Canada sets a noble example to the Mother Country in municipal courtesy."

We agree with our British brethren, and will add that this Dominion is a pattern to Britain in many other things also; for general intelligence and morality, it will be difficult to beat the Canadians.

From English Cry, Sept. 22, '04:

"English 'em!  
Why, what d'ye think I am?"

"Two and Two" TOGETHER.—This from the Melbourne Cry:—Captain Tys left on the "Parramatta" on Monday last for Canada, via England. She will barely reach London in time for the O. P. After a week in the Old Land, she crosses the Atlantic, and her destination, as far as we know, is Toronto. While the Captain is not widely known, she leaves a host of friends in the city, and especially at her corps (Marwickville), who were on hand to wish her God-speed and bon voyage. She shall look for news of her arrival and other interesting events now in perspective in the Canadian Cry.

And this comment thereon from the New York Cry:—"It only remains to be said that in all probability the Captain will be wearing crests on her collar, and that Major Compins, the esteemed editor of the Toronto Cry, will be at the dock to meet her—for interviewing purposes, of course! 'Nuff said! We shall not forget to tender congratulations at the right time."

And this is a cutting from the Toronto Cry, just to hand:—"There are nine kind of kisses mentioned in the Bible: The kiss of salutation, Samuel xx.; valediction,

to light, the chief mate said he would have it was, two men and the captain of it. Of course, I had to ship when we got from there to Australia. Quite accidentally I found out where to go. I was engaged and see chief supercargo. Then transferred to T.

UP, AND CATS WERE SCOURMENTS."

"If you got tired for laziness, and I see than you." ter in his next station, in Wales. He found

y knees in my room, my tears, took hold of "Lord, here I am for red and congregations ter, for the Captain

marching up High at our heels to see to one of the "house?"

Ruth ii.; reconciliation. Samuel xiv.; subjection, Psalm ii.; appropriation, Proverbs ii.; adoration, Kings x.x.; betrayal, Matthew xxvi. brotherly love, I Corinthians xiv. 51; affection, Genesis, xiv. Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept. What he cried for has never been satisfactorily explained, but he probably cried out of joy at finding his "ideal."

The British War Cry thinks the Toronto Cry will have a less uncertain sound in the near future. The "ideal" is approaching.

The Editor thought he had acted moderately cute in respect to a little personal affair, and until the New York Cry exploded the secret, our comrades here were without any suspicion (we confess it was difficult to elude the New Yorker), but this British comment is outrageous. However, he has "jined 'em," and finds it good indeed to, as we used to say, "sit under our own vine and fig tree, none daring lawfully to make us afraid." We have a few regrets sometimes—they are that we tarried so long on the wilderness side of the good land.

## WELCOME, GENERAL, TO LINDSAY!

Right heartily do we welcome you, dear General, to the Central Ontario Province, although only for a night, yet no doubt the reception you will receive will give you a keener appetite to get back to us at Barrie, Hamilton, and Toronto the beginning of the New Year.

Our hearts praise God for His goodness to you right down through your experience.

We are very pleased to hear of the grand receptions and great gatherings you have had in Newfoundland and the East, and we sincerely pray your tour right throughout the continent may be blessed of God to the Salvation of multitudes of sinners.

A novel reception is being arranged: Depot at 6 p.m., two local bands are to be in evidence.

The town lodges are not to be behind.

The citizens and merchants propose decorating their business places on line of march, and it is expected immediately on arrival of the train all the bells in the town will start ringing.

NATING!

EEK'S "CRY."

The Brigadier is organizing a party to drive from every corps within a radius of seventy-five miles.

From Provincial Headquarters we propose securing the service of two or three vans and driving in a body, breaking the journey over night at Uxbridge. Any one desiring to go from Toronto, make application at once.

If you desire accommodation, horses, write Ensign Ayre at Grand Old Man, The drill hall where the hold holds 6,000 people.

## Headquarters Not

On behalf of the undrained citizens of our religious and social bodies, I beg a most cordial welcome on this your day of Newfoundland. May your wish be able alike to the Army, yourself, and all

of the valuable services you have rendered and fallen humanity. We appreciate the General's campaigner's efforts most heartily. Your Dueset shows especially how much he has done for the only successful.

Mrs. Booth conducts a good work already accomplished in our midst, and are the Staff at the Chibbe good hand of God in the mighty upward work. Also a ten at the Army throughout the world. When the League of Mercy, signs of the Army in still more research.

The Commandant factors, by God's blessing, be even more with the General.

The General thinks very success in your mighty work, and does among the best in the working workers.

Mrs. Booth and Brigadier for Montreal on Friday evening, including those of

Easton Lowry, of Winnipeg, and East; Ensign Hughes goes West.

Staff Captain McMillan and Adjutant Miller are in London on behalf of the local Shelter and P. G. H.

Brigadier and Mrs. Margot have been resting at Godrich.

The Commandant's welcome home on the 23rd in Jubilee Hall.

The Staff change in the East has been postponed till the 14th October.

Opening of London Shelter on Tuesday, 30th.

The Commandant makes tour of Ontario, visiting the district centres for half-nights of prayer and general counsel.

The half-nights of prayer are to be resumed in the Jubilee Hall.

Major Saele Swift, the talented Editor of All the World, will shortly visit America, and will join the General in part of his American campaign. Major Swift will make a special study of Auxiliary methods this side the Atlantic.

In a despatch just to hand, Major Read states:—"Learning that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were to visit Winnipeg, we thought we would give them, with other citizens, a right loyal welcome. Consequently, we took our place in the massive procession, our band to the front, last Wednesday night on their arrival at the C. P. R. depot. Then yesterday, we, with others, presented our little address of welcome, and in a most beautiful speech, His Excellency replied to the same, praising the glorious work being done by the Salvation Army and its General. Then Lord and Lady Aberdeen shook hands with each S. A. representative.

The Montreal Witness mentions a special meeting of the Ministerial Association held in Y.M.C.A. It mentions the names of various ministers present. It was moved that a noted meeting should be arranged to welcome the General and honor one whom God has so highly honored. It was decided to invite all the Protestant ministers of the city.

"May the General conquer this new world," says another paper.

DO YOU NOT EXPECT THEM?

WHAT?

## The General's Jubilee Badges

Stamped in aluminum (does not tarnish), very beautiful. Only 10 cents. Be sure and get one. Wear them when the General comes to your corps. Order quickly for they are sure to sell fast.

The Winnipeg Free Press devotes over a column to a detailed description of the comfortable quarters for the needy in the proposed S. A. Shelter.

## MRS. BOOTH

Writes About the League.

### THOUSAND AUXILIARIES.

Dear Officers, Soldiers

Auxiliaries, Having asked by the Com-

mand to take the night of the Auxil-

ity work I gladly do so, led by Adjutant

number of members in small, compared to

countries.

AND THIS BE?

in sympathizers and

surely is not much for anyone to pay

in exchange for the privilege of being a

blessing and help to an organization so

definitely honored and smiled upon by

the Lord, and evidently doing so much

to extend the Kingdom of Heaven upon

earth.

THEREFORE I ASK YOUR

HELP.

I want every officer, soldier and friend

to come to my assistance. I am anxious

that the number of Canadian Auxil-

aries should be raised by the New Year

to ONE THOUSAND MEMBERS. My target

is fixed, and I ask everyone to help me

to achieve it. If any soldier or friend

is acquainted with people whom they

know to be sympathizers, and will for-

ward their name and address to "Mrs.

Booth, Temple, Albert St., Toronto," I

shall esteem it a great kindness, and I

will write personally and forward a

copy of this paper to them.

Yours in the service of the lost,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

DAY I AM NEARER MY HOME.

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

Written by the Colonel on the S.S. "Carthage," when crossing the Atlantic.

Tune:—"Where do You Journey?" or "Oh, Say, Will You Take up Your Cross?"

I've heard of a City of Splendor,

The gates are of pearl, streets of gold;

The hills ever green, walls of jasper,

Its riches can never be told.

No night there, no sickness, no dying,

Its people they never know care;

No sorrow, no sinning, no sighing,

Oh, what must it be to be there!

To-day I am nearer my home, (Repeat)

Just over the way is my mansion,

To-day I am nearer my home.

This City will hold every nation,

There's room for the rich and the poor;

But none who refuse this salvation

Shall ever be passed through the door.

In my Father's house there are mansions,

And meetings that never will end;

There are gardens and fairs full of fountains,

Eternity there will I spend.

The crowds in this City are singing,

The flowers forever will bloom;

The streets with sweet music are ringing,

It's one everlasting clear noon.

The robes they are all snowy whiteness,

The harpers forever will play;

The Lamb that was slain is the brightness,

Its glories can never decay.

The blood-washed by millions there gather,

To join in the Royal Parade;

We'll march through the City together,

To pleasures that never will fade.

What welcomes and shoutings up yonder,

When glorified comrades we meet;

The sights, they will fill us with wonder,

Our crowns we will lay at His feet.

friends throughout the whole Dominion,

and the only reason why they have not

been added to our list is, in the majority

of cases, simply because they have not

been asked, consequently our League is

small. During my recent tour I have

had the pleasure of coming in contact

with not a few influential people who

thoroughly enter into and appreciate

the good work we are doing, and there is

no reason why they should not give

expression to their sympathy by joining

the Auxiliary League. Five dollars

little pamphlet explaining the whole

working of the Auxiliary League. By

this means, if all will rally to my aid,

and send me a hint about anybody who

is known to be interested in the Army,

we shall easily reach our goal, and our

numbers will swell by the end of the

year to

ONE THOUSAND NEW AUXILIARIES.

Praying God may abundantly bless

you and give you souls for your hire,

Yours in the service of the lost,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

## Mrs. Booth

— WITH —

### THE WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO STAFF.

It was a very welcome invitation that

the women officers of the Toronto Staff

received to take tea with Mrs. Booth, at

the Children's Shelter. Only those who

have been privileged to be present at

these refreshing spiritual gatherings can

understand how highly they are appreci-

ated, and looked forward to from time

to time. By 7 o'clock on Wednesday

evening every one, sleeping head was

safely pilloved in the cribs and cots of

the Shelter, whilst the wives of the

Staff Officers—who were in the majority

—testified that their own little darlings

were all snugly tucked away too, and

bound for the land of nod, whilst their

warrior mothers were free to enjoy the

blessed two hours of communion with

God and with one another. One cloud,

however, dulled the otherwise unbroken

enjoyment, for every heart beat in

sympathy with Mrs. Booth, whose baby-

boy was prostrate with a sudden sharp

attack of sickness. In spite of her

anxiety Mrs. Booth devoted herself

whole-souled, and with heaven-given

success to the task of cheering and

inspiring her women staff. God took

care of the baby, and we rejoice to

know he is improving. May the Lord

Almighty bless little Ferdinand, and in

the years to come make him a mighty

man of valor to storm the ramparts of

sin. We are confident He will.

ISAAC McDONALD, TREASURER.

We quote from the Newcastle Union

Advocate of August 29th, '94:

"Respecting the Craggan property, I don't

know what I then said, nor did I care. I

told them I didn't know anything about

the Craggan barn, or any of them. Have

been in jail three times with it a time. I

was in for making a racket in the Salvation

hall; next time, there was a fellow in town by

the name of Black, from whom I snatched

two dollars. He chased me, and he got a

paper out for me and I gave it to him back; was

in jail over Sunday. Was in the third time

for being drunk. I struck Jim Duell; he

from Beakworth. I ran some cars over the

dump. Don't know how many. Only one

ran over the dump. They caught me, but

didn't do anything to me. Also for hitting a

man in the Salvation hall. Paid fifty cents

for hitting him. Wasn't charged with hitting

Samuel Treadwell in the eye. I hit him with

a blacksmith's hammer."

Toronto, N. S., Sept. 10th, '94.

Editor "War Cry," Toronto:

DEAR EDITOR.—I do not know how you

wished to enroll me as a contributor to your

anecdote column, but I take a way of my

own.

When stationed at Newcastle, a convert of

a few months standing came to the penitenti-

form in a hellish condition. After coming

several times he told me that he could not get

right with God until he confessed that he was

one of the parties who had not fire to a num-

ber of buildings in the town previous to his

conversion. A reward of \$500 (five hundred

dollars) was offered at that time for any infor-

mation that would lead to the arrest of the

guilty parties.

After a hard struggle and much prayer, he

made up his mind to go, feeling "twenty

years in the penitentiary and a clear con-

science, would be better than a guilty conscience

and having his freedom." He first went and

confessed to a gentleman who, with others,

had had him up on suspicion, but the lad

being unmoved at that time, swore that he

knew nothing about the fire. That gentle-

man told him to go to the Queen's Council

whose sympathies were so ardent that he

could such a confession was not necessary; it

was his own free will, and after he was in

jail received his warrant for arrest. His in-

formation implicated several others, who were

arrested, but were let go after trial, and

one

ter rest; but rumors of his confession to me

and others spread, and some citizens not

being satisfied, the lad went and gave himself

up of his own free will, and after he was in

jail received his warrant for arrest. His in-

formation implicated several others, who were

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and others spread, and some citizens not

being satisfied, the lad went and gave himself

up of his own free will, and after he was in

jail received his warrant for arrest. His in-



had sent me a telegram the other day, thus: "Captain, I am sentenced five years to the penitentiary." He has since written that he feels well in his cell. Will all our comrades pray that God will keep him true and make him a blessing to the other prisoners. Yours living for others.

EMMA H. ALLAN, Captain.



## Colonel Lawley,

THE ENGINE BOY OF BRADFORD.

**G**OD smiled on the village of Foulton, Norfolk, where John Lawley was born, December 31st, 1838. At the time of his birth, his father was a Christian, and his home a bright and happy one, but Mr. Lawley saw his class leader take a glass of beer one day, and said:

"What my class leader do to me, he do to my example. I will follow."

And he did follow—into the saloon, and from that hour "his religion," says his son, "derailed away."

"Father loved me. I was lively and full of mischief, and so good company for him. We sat side by side in the saloon, and drank out of the same pint, and sang the same songs. I shall never forget one song my father and I used to sing. One line ran:

"There's none like a mother, if ever so poor."



"As we sang this, my mother would be sitting at home, cold, and tired, and hungry, waiting the return of a drunken husband!" This sort of thing went on for fourteen years. The Lawleys then removed to Bradford, Yorks, where the father gave himself to God anew. So did the mother. But Johnny, trained to a life of sin, was not easily won again to God. He was seventeen now, and the world had a strong hold on the gay, social lad. Most of his nights were spent in theatres, saloons, and music-halls. His mother's prayers and tears seemed to have no effect, though they moved him more than he would let them know.

"When you pray on the rug of a Sunday morning, for a lad upstairs after a Saturday night's spree, he feels queer. Nearly every morning I used to hear my father pray for me."

One night, as he was wandering down the passage, he met a tall, stocky-built man, who was giving away handbills. Young Lawley went up to him and received a bill, which stated that in-morrow night at Fallon's

Theatre there would be a casting out of devils by the power of the Holy Ghost. Go where he would, this magnificent announcement rang in his ears, all united to the startling statements of the Salvation Army.

He spent every night of the week before his conversion in some theatre or ale house, and reports himself as being by Sunday, "drunk, weary, worn, and wretched."

"Did you realize then, my young man," "nough" as you were, that you were tired and wretched, or do you only see it now as you look back?" we asked.

"I was really sick of myself then," was the answer: "I wanted to find rest somewhere, and at length I obtained it at the penitentiary. I think you know the devil had something to do with my conversion."

The Colonel's blue eyes twinkled appreciatively as he thought how far the devil had over-reached himself on that occasion.

"You see, I had signed the pledge before this. The Primitive Methodists were going to have a treat. 'Jack,' I said to my mate, 'we must be in at that.' 'How can we?' said he—'we don't belong.'"

"Then we'll join them," I said. So we went straight off to the secretary's house and signed the pledge. The treat never came off, but I've kept that pledge ever since. Then Jack and I had a row. I was all alone, and as I was wondering where to spend the day, I heard a voice say, 'Go to Fallon's and see what is going on there.' Off I went, and so I sat there, God spoke to me through Mr. (now Colonel) Dowds. At the close of the first meeting, I was glad to get out, and off I started to find out my old mate's. God stopped me several times, and I went again to the theatre, when I got blessedly saved that night.

The news soon brightened John Lawley's home, and reached the factory, where they did their best "to hush James out of his soul" to no purpose. Twelve of his mates were saved in a month.

John sat one night by the side of his chosen friend, Ted Irwin, in a hollow meeting.

"We took all in. Down we fell side by side, and settled that this blessing should be ours. At the meeting closed, I turned to Colonel Dowds and asked him for the key."

"What for?" he asked.

"My answer was, 'We are not going to leave this hall till God sanctifies us!'"

"To this he replied, 'You need not wait all night. God is prepared to give you what you require now.'"

"After some more praying, and a lot of hallowing, we swung ourselves right into the arms of Jesus. Up we got, hugged each other, blessed each other, shook hands with all in the room, and then parted till the early morning 'Love-feast.'"

In April, 1878, John Lawley was sent with Capt. Russell to open Spangmoor.

"Was it a case to go into the work? It was a pleasure. When I dropped my oil can and saw the engine for the first time that Saturday afternoon, I felt as if the millennium had come."

The millwright, however, did not mean for him rest from labor: If the old Irish woman said, hearing him praying in a lane of this sort, "Lord, save the whole town!" exclaimed, "Well, they are a grand lot to want the whole town!" could have followed the two officers as they turned up their sleeves the Sunday after their opening, and went to work at their week night hall, she would have thought them willing to work for what was meat and drink to them!

"For three weeks we played wood, made coats, whitewashed the hall, cleaned the windows, and preached in the streets at night."

Captains Lawley and Russell received numerous for street preaching while here. Two reverend men on the bench at their trial, and fined them shillings and costs. This having been paid by a friend, they marched straight to the market place, held an open-air, took up a collection, and cleared nine shillings on the occasion. This done they marched to the police station, and refreshed their disappointed friends with

"Prize God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

"Our hall was packed that night, and we had nine souls."

After seeing hundreds saved here, our comrades were drafted off to Attlebridge. Next, after helping to open Marlboro', he took command at Jarrold-on-Tyne.

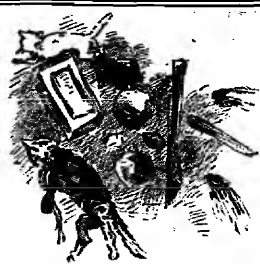
Crowds came to the meetings from the first; but Roman Catholic opposition in this town was such that it seemed more than once that the officers would be killed and it not been for police interference.

Bribe, stones, mud, sticks, and five cents were favorite arguments of their theological opponents.

"The police crowd seemed to hate the very name of Jesus!"

At last the officers began to hold prayer meetings at five o'clock every morning. To these meetings you might have seen men and women trudging through ice, snow and cold. God honored their faith and their hard work—reckless waste of strength as it looked to some.

"Lawley," said a friend to him one day, "when you got to heaven you will be tried for committing suicide."



"SERVING, STONES, MUD, AND CATS WERE FAVORITE ARGUMENTS."

"Sir," was the ready answer, "if you got to heaven you will be tried for kindness, and I shall stand a better chance than you."

His work was no lighter in his next station, Mountain Ash, in South Wales. He found the corps at a low ebb.

"Down I got on my knees in my room, soaked the chair with my tears, took hold of God in prayer, and said, 'Lord, here I am for Mountain Ash!'"

Officers were soon saved and congregations grew larger. No wonder, for the Captain stopped at no obstacle.

"One night we were marching up High street with a policeman at our heels to see we did not stand. I said to one of the soldiers:

"Jim, will you lend me your house?"

"Oh, no, unless I said so."

"In I went, opened the window, swung wide open the door, perched myself on a chair and talked to the people. The poor police-



"THE FOUR POLICEMEN STOOD BY."

men stood by looking black enough. I shouted, 'Hallelujah!' while he could not say, 'More on!'"

"The same spirit of 'prayer and push' seemed to possess the soldiers."

"One old man could never wake up to come to kneel-down, so one Saturday night he asked God in earnest to wake him up. Into bed he got, fell asleep, and the next morning at half-past six the bedroom ceiling fell on him. He rose up thanking God. He had knocked the ceiling down to wake him up."

(To be continued.)

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THOMAS KNIGHT

(Continued.)



**T**HIRING seen of this brutal, savage life, for in order to hold my position, and not wishing to stay in the fore-castle all my life, I had to take part in chasing and beating the men.

Three men went over the side in different trunks I mailed in. It was called suicide, but the poor fellows want to get away from the ill-treatment.

I left an American bark in Havre one trip, and joined a Nova Scotian. The captain behaved like a gentleman while in port, but we were hardly out of dock when he threw off the mask and showed the cloven hoof. This man proved a perfect fiend. In a week he had

Licked Every Man Forward.

They were all Scandinavians. He would ship no British or American women for obvious reasons.

Except that he had not struck me, I was

the worst treated man in the ship. The idea was to curse and abuse me so that I would retaliate on the men.

One evening while receiving my usual dose of abuse, he said I was afraid of the men; to which I replied passionately, "I'm not afraid of you, but I am not paid for thrashing men and running the chance of penitentiary."

I was secretly afraid of the men, but had to fight, and only that all hands, including chief mate and steward hated the skipper, he would have taken an undue advantage, as it was, two men were frightfully used up, and the captain did not show up for a week. Of course, I had to leave the ship.

I then shipped for Calcutta, and quit the ship when we got there, intending to sail from there to Australia and give up the sea.

Quite accidentally I heard the East Indian railway were hiring men as firemen or guards. I found out where to go, and applied for a job, was engaged and sent to Jamalpore to see chief superintendent and meet doctor. Then transferred to Toondia as fireman.



Here I was in the midst of the scenes of some of the most atrocious crimes committed by the Sepoys.

In the Indian Mutiny.

After firing two years the War commenced, and there was a great demand for drivers on the border railways. I was promoted and went to the Punjab Northern, where I helped run the troops to the front. I pulled the 18th Royal Irish from Lahore to Jhelum. They were called the "Death or Glory Boys" and were the fiercest and the toughest crowd of men I had the pleasure of pulling.

When the troops were coming down I was on the Indus Valley State Railway on the Jacobabad branch, and was there when the station staff at Sibi were murdered by the Patans.

Our trains were often stopped by them and looted, and all train hands were supplied with a Colt's seven shooter.

The station master at Sibi was a little hunchback. I remember him well. He was scarcely knee high to a grass hopper, but all right. The Patans had no picnic with him. Before he passed his checks in he sent six to

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

A few years in India made a great change in me. To said a rolling stone gathers no moss. Well, perhaps it doesn't, but it gets a lot of rough edges and sharp jagged corners rounded off and polished up.

My associations there were far above anything I had previously been accustomed to. It had a tendency to refine and elevate, and created in me a desire to be better and more in keeping with my surroundings, also giving me a practical and experimental opportunity of testing the power of environment for that which had a brutalizing tendency.

Here I had the run of some very fine libraries, and being passionately fond of books, I took advantage of the privilege.

Even so, a little learning is dangerous, and I think Drummhead infers the same of science; but I do not think one or the other fits my case. Though in India I became skeptical, it wasn't learning, for I had very little of what the world calls learning, having commenced the world's work too young to know anything about Latin Grammar and Greek roots, or the first and second entry of book-keeping, but I had read considerably and thought a little.

It was not infidel literature, though I had digested a little; and scientific reading and thought, especially Astronomy always drew me nearer to God.

It was

The Heartless Inhuman Cruelty

of one man to another, the selfish cunning of people professing to be Christians.

(To be continued.)

Proposed tour for Captain and Mrs. Flier: For Dover, Oct. 12th; Simcoe, Oct. 12th; 14th, 15th; Waterloo, Oct. 16th; Guelph, Oct. 17th; Brampton, Oct. 18th, 19th; Paris, Oct. 20th, 21st; Rockwood, Oct. 22nd; Drumbo, Oct. 23rd; Arns, Oct. 24th; Galt, Oct. 25th; Hespeler, Oct. 26th; Galt, Oct. 27th, 28th and 29th; Rockwood, Oct. 30th; Arns, Oct. 31st; Georgetown, Nov. 1st; Brimpton, Nov. 2nd; Toronto, Nov. 3rd.



# Uxbridge Visited by the Naval Brigade.

A ROUSING TIME—BARRACKS JAMMED—HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY—SEVENTY-FIVE SOULS.



AFTER a most successful trip around the West, we started for the East, rejecting over seventy-five souls being brought to the Lamb of God.

STONVILLE was the first place on the route. SATURDAY, Saturday and Sunday are days long to be remembered by the Salvation Army here. Knew-drill and holiness meeting were times of blessing and refreshing. In the open-air, the crowds lined the streets. The town was stirred from centre to circumference.

At 2:30 p.m. the crowds filled the barracks, many standing. The Jack Tans seized the opportunity of doing good. Sinners felt their guilt. At the meeting inside. Now the crowd was so immense that hundreds were turned away. It was full of spirit and life. Two held up their hands expressing their desire to become Christians. Such a crowd has not been witnessed in Uxbridge for years.

PORT PERRY was the next in line, arriving in good time for dinner. The officers not being at home, we broke into the quarters and hunted up something to eat. In spite of every difficulty, we snatched out to our open-air stand. The Jack Tans soon attracted the attention of the people, and a large crowd gathered around our open-air. Returning to the barracks, we found a good crowd. People who were never in a Salvation Army meeting before came to see and hear us. One woman made the remark as she passed out, that there wasn't a thing done or a word said in the meeting but what the angels could say amen to.

LEWIS was the next to be visited. Spent two days here. Tuesday night, we rally out for an open-air. Crowds gathered around. Sunshine sang. The Jack Tans went through inside. Two held up their hands for our prayers.

Wednesday afternoon, we held an open-air and march around the principal streets, with cornet, euphonium, bass, tenor, and drum, the whole town being aroused.

Thursday, in spite of the rain, we went out for a march. God came near, and one soul was found at the merry-coast.

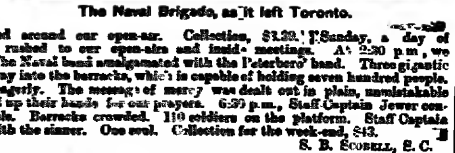
Friday we heard the eleven o'clock rally for Oronau. This is rather a hard ship, but there are few faithful soldiers here who mean to stick.

Next MILLANCOCK. Capt. Lafferty has got things in good shape here. Emma McDonald and Captain Cameron, from Peterboro', joined us and drove us to Peterboro' after the meeting, the distance of twenty miles.

PETERBORO'. Saturday at eleven a.m., we marched. Being market day, a large crowd gathered around our open-air. Collection, \$123.75. Sunday, a day of power. The crowds rushed to our open-air and inside meetings. At 2:30 p.m., we rallied for a march. The Naval band accompanied with the Peterboro' band. Three gigantic crowds pressed their way into the barracks, which is capable of holding seven hundred people. The throngs listened eagerly. The message of mercy was dealt out in plain, unmistakable language. Seven held up their hands for our prayers. 6:30 p.m., Staff Captain Jowett conducted a battle for souls. Barracks crowded. 110 soldiers on the platform. Staff Captain dealt most earnestly with the sinners. One soul. Collection for the week-end, \$13.

S. B. SCOBELL, E. C.

The Naval Brigade, as it left Toronto.



The Naval Brigade, as it left Toronto.

St. John, N.B.—Harvest Festival has been the order of the day down in this part of the world. St. STEPHEN was a week late with their, and had it in connection with a banquet and three days' special meetings.

At the last meeting it was found almost impossible for the Brigadier to get away; the pressure of work at headquarters was so great. So your humble servant, accompanied by Captain Fitchell, of Fairville, three of his band boys, and Lieut. Smith (more popularly known as "Davy"), had to start off without him.

At McMillan Junction we had an hour or so to wait, to make connection, and discovered a couple of cups of beer. Lieut. Smith no doubt endeavored himself to the hungry monsters by plying them with ginger snaps, which they devoured, bag and all. The band then played some sweet strains whilst the people and I listened. Our train whizzed in, we scrambled on board, and were once more off.

"St. Stephen" sang out the voice of the brassband. We gathered up our traps and were soon shaking hands with Esq. Andrews and hearing all about the war. Found Lieut. Percy and Capt. Davis, from Calais, at the barracks busy preparing for the evening. As night there was a fair crowd.

Sunday morning, raining; seven at know-drill. Had a blessed time. Holiness meeting grand.

"My sin was high as a mountain," went with a swing. I saw you, St. Stephen folks on stage when they went to. Afternoon meeting, beautiful. We had been singing.

"The heavenly gates are bowing," when one brother got up and said that they had been in a culm for some little time, but he pointed out that afternoon they had struck a brown. Our band played one of their lovely selections. The crowd was very good, and in the evening better still. Hall packed.

How we pleaded with the people, but they would not yield. I don't know how anybody else felt, but I was almost desperate; didn't know what to do!

Monday morning, went over to "the land of the free" and admired the beauties of Calais. In the afternoon there was a gathering of the class at the barracks to partake of the luxuries provided by our kind friends. The band once more to the front, went out to beat up recruits. After the banquet and open-air we remembered for our final meeting. The glory came down at last. The singing was the best I've heard for a long time, carried you somewhere near the gates of heaven. Captain Fitchell read from God's Word. The invitation was given. One by one seven came and knelt for pardon. Praise the dear Lord! How we did thank Him! I think the majority, if not the whole seven were good cases. The prayer and praise meeting lasted till nearly train time (for we had to travel back to St. John that night). It was pouring with rain, but there was sunshine in our hearts.

On the way home a commercial traveller (a localizer) was helped into light and liberty. He had been tendered the preceding night by hearing Capt. Fitchell sing.

"He gave himself a reason," in the open-air, and asked him to sing it again on the train, and it was, in God's hands, the means of his restoration.

We felt rather weary when the train steamed in next morning about seven o'clock, but, oh, so glad that we had the joy of working for Jesus—Emma GALEY.

Norwood has been termed a hard nut to crack, but through the strength and power of God it is being cracked. Sinners are getting saved. In our little cottage prayer meetings, the Spirit of God is being poured out upon us as that we have to thank and praise God for

the joy of seeing three precious souls crying to God.

Harvest Festival next. Nearly everyone tried to discourage us by saying, "You will never hit your target," which was \$15. Nevertheless, we went in, determined if plenty of hard work, praying, and believing would bring it, why we would have it; so we were rejoicing over the sum of \$15.50. Esq. McDonald did good service in selling the things.—Capt. BUCKLAND.

Morrisburg.—While we were busy cleaning lamps and sweeping the barracks, a poor old drunkard wandered in and asked the Lieutenant to stand for him, and as she sang.

"There's a hand that is fairer than day,"

he said, "Oh, I would like to get there." We all sang and prayed with him. He handed Lieutenant ten cents, and said, "I'm coming back again; I want to hear you sing, and I'll pay you for it, too." We pray that he may come to Jesus. We were pleased to have Capt. and Mrs. Larter with us. Capt. Oiler, who has worked very hard and succeeded in getting our barracks "converted," is now giving for a few weeks on a well earned, well-deserved, and much needed rest. She has given Lieut. Bureau, with every soldier, this injunction:

"Hold the fort while I am resting. God is with you still."

and the answer we have waved back to her,

"By God's grace we will."

—ETHEL WHITTAKER.

Nanaimo, B. C.—Although a week behind the rest of our Western comrades, we venture to say that our Harvest Festival preparations were entered into with just as much enthusiasm. In good time the city was well canvassed, and although the financial depression is severely felt here, especially among the business people, we are happy to record that our comrades were not once turned away with an unkind or harsh refusal. The storekeepers, almost without exception, donated gifts of cash or kind, and our provision in abundance was given by the working people. The Nanaimo Free Press was very kind in inserting locals every night.

Our barracks looked beautiful. A few of the soldiers had worked all day, decorating and arranging the gifts that were continually being sent in. The people here are indeed big-hearted. As we looked at the offerings generously donated, and amongst them the fruits, vegetables, etc., which were God's handiwork, our hearts responded to that beautiful text so appropriately placed overall, "Offer unto God thanksgiving."

The meetings were good right from the commencement. Saturday night march was headed by three gleemen, picturesquely dressed. Crowds listened, and some followed to the barracks. The inside meeting was led by Captain Patton. Suitable songs were sung, and testimonies given from soldiers. On a nice little crowd, some of them un-saved, came up to know-drill, and we had a beautiful time. The holiness meeting was in spirit a continuation of the know-drill. An old time free-and-easy in the afternoon. The night meeting will not soon be forgotten by many. As the solemn question, "Which will it be with your soul?" was put to the people, some who had trifled with their opportunities were brought face to face with the terrible realities of the future.

Monday, the closing night of our Festival, had been well announced, and a good crowd came up. After a short, spicy meeting, the things were sold by auction, one of the handsomely filling the office of auctioneer. Ice cream and cake were supplied for the small sum of fifteen cents, the only drawback to the program being that the ice-cream ran out before everybody was served, but they all looked so good-natured and pleased that it was hard to tell who had come short.

Every thing was sold, and when the amount raised was counted up we found that Nanaimo had cleared no less than \$87.85.

NOTES.

The "Black Diamond" city does not boast of many waving corn-fields within its limits, but the solitary sheaf of wheat that found its way to the Harvest Festival was captured and kindly donated in—of all unlikely places—the Free Press printing office.

The Y. M. C. A. very kindly gave us the use of their organ during our special meetings.

The doll that was the admiration and wonder of all the little folks, and repeated gracefully in a rocking chair at the top of the platform, was previously sent from Victoria to St. John. Annie Bolly as a Harvest Festival gift.

"No stone left unturned." Very true. One storekeeper offered a sack of flour to two ladies who were begging, but on conditions that they took it with them. Selling the action to the word, nothing daunted, they each took a corner of it and marched off.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

## RECONCILIATION !

Brampton.—Our Harvest Festival was a success. Two souls have come to the Cross and cried for mercy. Our enemy rage.—Capt. TINKER, Lieut. FRASER.

Moosomin.—Our officers will soon be face-welling. The WAR CRY sell well; it is difficult to get one on Sunday, or even on Saturday night. There are but a few soldiers here; there will be an increase soon. Three to be enrolled. We will wake the people up yet.—HENRY JOHNSON.

Morton's Harbor.—Sinners are being converted. During the last fortnight, five of our scholars have given their hearts to God, and we believe will make blood-and-fire soldiers; also a number of other hardened sinners have been won over by the love of Jesus.—Capt. HOLMES, Cadet TILLEY.

Richmond Street.—Still having grand times here. We had a fine day on Sunday, from seven o'clock till night. Large open-air and big march at night. When we got to the barracks, we found a good crowd waiting. Two souls out to the fountain.—Brother ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

St. John III.—On Monday night we went in for a soul-saving time under the leadership of Mrs. Staff Capt. Howell and Mrs. Major Cooper. The power of God settled on the people in such a manner that many of the carrying power, and one surrendered to God, and rose to testify that God had saved her.—ELM McNEARY.

Carlisle, N.B.—Harvest Festival was a success. The good people of Carlisle came to our help. Our target was \$30, but we cleared \$50. Capt. Dyer and Lieut. Lumsier helped decorate our barracks, and Capt. Allen proved an efficient soldier. Esq. Mathews and a cadet favored us with their presence, also Capt. Peter. Esq. J. Elly represented the R. S. C. Home.—Capt. HOWES and Lieut. FRASER.

Kentville, N.S.—Some very good meetings; souls getting saved; saints sanctified; the Captain growing fat; the rule horse looking better; the wagon has a new set of wheels, and good coat of paint; converts get along well, even the convert who is only a few feet high seems to be prospering. Our picnic was a grand success. A visit, which Captain Jennings and his new wife, assisted by Sergt. Major Selton, of St. John, was enjoyed by all.—W. A. S.

Brockville.—The people must have wondered what it all meant to hear the shouts from the barracks as we marched, and really we did not help ourselves when we saw an old comrade, "Pete," back at his old post carrying the flag. Others who have been long back part of the price, have settled it. Good day, Sunday. One soul. Every body looking forward to the coming of our 4th General, and ready to give him a proper welcome.—LILLIE M. McLENNAN.

Newcastle, N.S.—We have had the joy of seeing one brother come to God, although he did not get saved while kneeling at the patient form, because he thought he was too late for the Lord to save, yet he trusted and started the next night to give God the glory for saving his soul all away.

Tuesday night, Mr. Bradley and Capt. Jones were with us. Capt. and Mrs. Brown gave their little Pierre to God, and we pray that God may abundantly bless both parents and child.—SECRETARY.

Port Hope.—Sunday was a blessed day. We have been busy with Harvest Festival. We were 10 to 13 miles out in the country among the farmers collecting. The Lord bless them; you would say so if you saw our fifty dozen eggs, besides bags of potatoes, apples, flour, butter, honey. Some we missed a thing or two, but almost off. We went away above our target.

Our musical meeting and sale on Monday night went off grand.—Lieut. ROBINSON for Capt. BRADY.

Owen Sound.—We are believing that the old nights will bring the people to the barracks again. We have lost our Esq. and he has gone to England for a much needed rest. The last Sunday the ap at with us the afternoon meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The Salvation Army went there by invitation. Our Harvest Festival is past. Big Sister Margie left Sunday and Monday. We did not hit our target, but we did the best we could. Capt. Sayer has come to help Capt. Robertson.—MR. STEPHENSON, S. C.

Lagar Street.—Glorious times. Outside and indoor meetings on Sunday afternoon at Durbin Park. Men trembling on account of before, only hoping they were all right. A sister prodigal came home on Sunday. Rainy high wind-up with three cheers. God bless the General! God bless the Commandant! God bless the Army everywhere! The latest, an old man of eighty-three years got saved, also leaving our Sunday night meeting, and in the morning, speaks for God's glory, none, though very feeble, and weak in body.—Sergt. Mrs. STECKELMEYER, S. C.

## RECONCILIATION !

be here on time, and seeing the arrival of "Salvationists" will hills from all parts welcome, which, for will not be surprised.

pent in England would work it being nearly 300. The among the Junior.

They have a nice in hand, and some argument Major, Mrs. we are so devoted to him go to a sister's dear children are in interested in the of the future officers like Timothy, however youth, thoroughly of our glorious moving what actual disobedience against in, I say, God bless were!

to are indefatigable in this work. They who have lived in to book again. Our officers were greatly ad made quite a new a Tottenham, led by soon be forgotten, even, among the English people, we "We must get some re." Well, keep; term about some day, and conversing with I found as I was the rd, I had to contend of scepticism and, and gentle gentlemen, the Life of Mrs. Bock." He said he lived in MARY F. KILL.

iliation.

After three months ere to pick up and try for a week with a new our long-lost. While stationed here me, I've seen a few a dozen and one view and have helped a few.—Lieut. THOMSON.

ing the next all day, as one prisoner. Living home experience. With another and for Lieutenant Thompson, on his way to the another prisoner came to his way to his heart's.

iliation !

Last night the on-uptain Cole, in a visit, said that he by they when he said, "Five prisoners." When we thought

NEW BIBLE

th S. A. PRATHER!

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Good old Bible, but in and with it is the

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It's own, India paper, and one inch thick.

\$3.50.

ORRISON.

all any employees of the some closely, including Brigade de Baiting of a Uxbridge street.



TUNE—Cleansing for me. (B.J. 45.)

1 Millions are dying in blackest despair,  
Just through the drink;  
Losing their hopes of that country so fair,  
Just through the drink;  
Good resolutions are all put to flight,  
Many a Christian gives up in the night,  
Bright days of sunshine has turned into night,  
Just through the drink.

Children are starving and walking the street,  
Just through the drink,  
With scarce any clothing or shoes for their feet,  
Just through the drink;

Their parents are drinking and wasting their life,  
Just through the drink;  
Living in anguish, misery, and strife,  
Peace is a stranger between man and wife,  
Just through the drink.

How many hearts have been robbed of their joy,  
Just through the drink;

How many souls has the devil destroyed,  
Just through the drink;  
Millions have gone through that one social glass,  
Unheeding the warning we give as they pass,  
Rush madly onward till doom comes at last,  
Just through the drink!

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Lord saying come,  
Come, come away,  
Turn to Him now, He will welcome you home,  
Come, come away;  
Come, for the time it is flying very fast,  
He's waiting to save and forgive all the past,  
And give you a mansion in heaven at last,  
Come, come away.

TUNE—There is sweet rest in heaven. (B. J. 174 S.M.L. 221.)

2 Come, sinner, look to Calvary,  
Where Christ was crucified,  
To purchase your redemption  
He bowed His head and died;  
He gave His life to save you  
And to free you from your sin,  
Oh, give yourself now to Him  
And He will take you in!

CHORUS.

There is pardon now for you,  
There is pardon now for you;  
To the Cross now come,  
For He cast out none,  
There is pardon now for you.

Your days are quickly flying,  
And you are drawing near  
The time when God will call you  
For judgment to appear;  
Then you will hear the sentence—  
Depart from Me away,  
Unless you now give up your sin  
And in earnest begin to pray.

ESSAY M. RICHIE.

TUNE—Home, sweet home. (B.J. 54.)

3 Oh, the lost souls about us who are longing  
for help,  
For deliverance from sin and for victory o'er  
self!  
They have oft tried to conquer the tendencies  
toward wrong,  
But still in sin's thralldom day by day they  
march on.

CHORUS.

Souls, souls, lost, lost souls!  
Who'll help us to rescue  
Those precious, blood-bought souls.

Human wrecks all around us, lives blighted  
by sin,  
Hearts almost despairing, all darkness within;  
The devil's allurement how enchanting they  
seem,  
But they prove, sadly prove it is all but a  
dream.

Thank God, there is mercy and hope for the  
lost,  
Hope purchased by Jesus at such a great  
cost;  
Repentance and faith will deliverance claim,  
Deliverance through Him Who on Calvary  
was slain.

Now, comrades, let us sing out the message  
of love,  
Receive day by day grace and help from  
above,  
To rescue from sin, from bondage and gloom,  
These sin-burdened souls hastening on to the  
tomb.

CHOR. C. A. PENNY, Hopedale, Cape, N.B.

TUNE—Cleansing for me. (B.J. 45.)

4 Glory to God! I am happy to say,  
Thank God I'm saved!  
Jesus has taken my sins all away,  
Thank God I'm saved!  
Though I was sunk deep down into sin,  
Bound fast by Satan without and within,  
Yet when I came, Jesus took me right in;  
Thank God I'm saved!

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESU'S NAME."

## "FIGHT THE GIANTS,"

— WAS —

## The General's Last Message

To the British Wing of the Salvation Army. He has Come Over Here to Carry Out Practically that Advice.

The Campaign is a Series of

## MAGNIFICENT -- TRIUMPHS!

THE MASSES CROWD IN THOUSANDS TO HEAR THE FATHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

DON'T MISS THIS UNIQUE PRIVILEGE.



## THE GENERAL

Continues His East Canada Campaign as  
Follows:

|                                  |                       |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| KINGSTON,                        | October 13th and 14th |
| PICTON,                          | October 15th          |
| DESERONTO (morning),             | October 16th          |
| BELLEVEILLE (night),             | October 16th          |
| PORT HOPE (afternoon),           | October 17th          |
| LINDSAY (night),                 | October 17th          |
| PETERBORO (afternoon and night), | October 18th          |

HE WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

Our Chief Officers,

COLONEL LAWLEY, the Veteran,

THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARIES and  
Many Others.

LET NOTHING PREVENT YOU SEEING AND HEARING THE GENERAL.

Now, people tell me I'm crazy to say,  
"Thank God I'm saved!"  
Or that I live to please God every day,  
Thank God I'm saved!  
But I don't care, for I'm happy and free,  
His Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
And best of all, I know Jesus loves me,  
Thank God I'm saved!

Dear sinner friend, come and give up your sin,  
Come and get saved!  
Jesus can cleanse you and then keep you  
clean,  
Come and get saved!  
If you're a drunkard, oh, come to my Lord!  
If you're a doubter, believe in His Word!  
If you're backslidden, oh, come be restored!  
Come and get saved!

EMIL STRICKER, Salvation Lighthouse, Montreal.

TUNE—Shout aloud salvation, boys. (B. J. 2.)

5 Come along, ye sinners, who have heard  
the joyful sound  
Of a Christ and Saviour, where true pleasure  
do abound;  
Come and kneel down at the Cross, where  
many souls have found  
A Saviour Who will lead to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, we bring the jubilee,  
If you know the joy and peace there is in  
serving God,  
From this moment you would sacrifice all  
worldly fraud,  
And before your soul is laid to rest beneath  
the sod,  
You'd rise and make a start for glory.

When you've been to Jesus, and the Lord has  
pardoned you,  
And you're fighting in the ranks of the yellow,  
red and blue,  
Don't forget to pray in earnest for some  
brother, too,  
If he should be marching to glory.

MRS. PAUL, Woodstock.

TUNE—Victory for me. (B.J. 43.)

6 Onward, soldiers, ever onward,  
"Victory" shall our motto be;  
We shall conquer in the battle,  
And a glorious triumph see,  
Courage, forward, march along,  
News proclaim of full salvation,  
Turning cadences into song,  
Spreading peace in every nation.

CHORUS.

Faithful ever, nought can sever,  
If we united stand;  
God will bless till righteousness  
shall fill the land.  
Victory for me through the blood of Jesus  
my Saviour,  
Victory for me through the precious Blood.

Onward, soldiers, ever onward,  
Keep the Gospel armour bright;  
Till of Jesus and of cleansing,  
And of free salvation light,  
Never let thy faith grow small,  
Light and blessing shall surround you;  
God will never let you fall,  
Grace abundant shall abound to you.

Onward, soldiers, ever onward,  
Armed with truth's increasing might;  
Soon an endless day of triumph  
shall our longing souls delight,  
Soon our weapons we'll lay down,  
With the ransomed rest forever,  
Dwell with Christ beyond the river.

ALBERT VASS, Guelph, Can.

TUNE—We'll all shout hallelujah (B.B. 74.)

7 We are soldiers brave and true,  
'Neath the yellow, red, and blue,  
We are fighting for the blessed King of kings;  
The light we're sure to win,  
For we never will give in,  
But we'll hold our own with Satan in the field.

CHORUS.

Victory, victory is our motto,  
Marching on the good old way;  
By the loving Lord we're led,  
With His precious mass of gold,  
By His grace we'll conquer over every foe.  
Deep in sin we may have been,  
And the broad way travelled in,  
But the Saviour washed away the sinful past;  
Then He gave us peace and joy,  
Which the world cannot destroy,  
And we'll serve Him till we hear the trumpet  
blast.

Sinner, Jesus speaks to you,  
He can save and keep you, too,  
He has power to wash away your every stain;  
There is pardon through the blood,  
Will you now come to your God?  
Then with the King of Glory you shall reign.